

Apropos of the hot spell under which Washington recently writhed and worried a weather bureau official the other day showed a Star reporter what was termed at that much-criticised institution "some highly valuable works" upon the subject of weather proverbs and their appositeness to prevailing atmospheric conditions. One of these works was compiled by the late General Hazen when that distinguished army officer was at the head of the signal corps. A few excerpts from some of the volumes are of interest, not so much because they are so conscientiously accurate and direct in their application, but rather because they afford some amusement to those who may follow the exact meteorological situation from time to time in connection with these so-called aphorisms, once upon a time deemed well nigh infallible. Exceptions to the general rule are evidently common occurrences when the weather is the subject considered. Here is

"A very clear sky without clouds is not be trusted." How not trusted? Judging from the experience of this city during the recent hot spell, that maxim deserves severe transposition of some sort. The very clear skies of those days could certainly be trusted for at least one thing, to wit, hot weather. This is another: "A bad day has a good night."

This axiom of ancient renown may apply very fittingly to rainy days, but as applied to hot ones it loses its job. Bad days and good nights as a combination seem to have placed Washington on the "nothing doing" schedule during the heated period. Then there is this little bit of nonsense, so readily disputed and shattered by the convincing reasoning furnished by Washington "If the sun burn more than usual, 'wet."

"Much undulation of the air on a hot day

in May or June foretells cold." The writer hereof distinctly remembers a day during the hot spell when the air was particularly undulating. Upon that day the thermometer registered somewhere in neighborhood of 103 degrees in the shade at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and for several successive days the mercury kept up the lick. But, alas! Upon second thought it is recalled that the day was the first one of the month of July. Hence the saying does not apply. Another saying runs something like this:

When the mule kicks it doth signify cool All reports received to date from up the country indicate that the very useful but much-maligned member of the equine family mentioned was doing his customary to and heel stunts during the hot spell. According to form, however, he should have

been in a most blissful state of innocuous Verily, one can't place his faith in weath-

Mr. M. L. McDonald of 27 E street southwest writes the Star that he has in his possession two antique copper coins, evidently part of the circulating medium of this country in the days of its infancy. One of these coins is so old and defaced that its date is illegible. Mr. McDonald is of the opinion that it is one of the first pennies ever minted by the then young American government. The other bears the date of 1787. Upon the top of its obverse side are the words "Inde" and "Lib." separated by a series of small stars. Under this is the likeness of a woman, face and bust. The right arm is extended, holding what appears to be an olive branch. Something is also held in the left hand, but just what it is cannot be deciphered. On the reverse side of the coin is borne the bust of the immortal Washington, surrounding which are the inscriptions "R I" and "C O." All these figures stand out in prominent relief. Mr. McDonald says he has had the coins in his possession ever since childhood and believes that they are valuable, although he is not posted on numismatics and does know the exact historical and financial worth of his property. He is anxious for some one conversant with the subject of coins and their history to inform him upon the subject.

'There is a young couple living over near Connecticut avenue," said a Washington woman to a Star reporter, "who manage their affairs in what I consider a very unwise manner. That is they spend almost every cent of a modest income on housefurnishings, table service, clothes and the like and leave food as the very last and most neglected consideration. For that reason I am in the habit of feasting sumptuously before I leave to accept an invitation to dine there. I happened in about lunch time last week and Mrs. Blank cordially invited me to 'stay and have a bite with her.'
Knowing that 'bite' was a very good word
for her lunches, I pleaded another engagement. But she persisted, and finally, with an evident view to tempt me to remain, she called out to the house girl, who was setting the table in the dining room: Tille, what have we for lunch today? Tillie is nothing if not a truth teller. 'Br'ad,' she answered, and the clock ticked violently for some seconds.

"I didn't stay." \* \* \* \* \* "I saw a paragraph from Canton a few days ago that the President had taken a ride in an automobile for the first time,'

one so I don't know, unless he much prefers the old-fashloned way of riding be-hind horses. The President could have had dozens of automobiles if he had cared to accept any one of a large number of offers made to him by automobile and locomobile dealers and manufacturers. Not many of these offers were made to him direct. to his secretaries. Manufacturers would be glad to present him with one of their ma-chines just for the advertisement of saying that he rode in one. The President is very careful about these things, and will not allow himself to be used as an advertisement for anybody or anything. Putting this feature aside, he is also exceedingly careful about accepting presents of any considerable value. He would not accept a present of any kind worth as much as an automo-bile, even if the person presenting it had no idea of making it an advertising scheme."

~ HEARD

"Washington is the place where the north and south meet on neutral ground when it comes to cooking," was the remark of a well-fed politician, as he thoughtfully ashes off his cigar and preened himself a scanned the bill of fare in one of the leading hotels here the other day, having just concluded an extended committee junketing

"This is the one place in the country where cooking is done to suit every taste. The man from Boston can get his proverbial baked bean while the broad-batted gentleman from Georgia can revel in ham 'Maryland style,' is perhaps the summer pride of the Washington chef, but he his attention just as enthusiastically to the New England roast turkey and cranberry sauce in its season. In sea food there is nothing lacking, either in variety or cook-ing, while the offerings of foreign restaurants completes a menu that can't be equaled in north, south, east or west."

"That the blue and the gray will one day be a synonym of unity instead of dissension is being illustrated almost daily in some section of our country," said a southern man to a Star reporter recently. "One of these incidents occurred in Atlanta, Ga., only a few days ago, when the G. A. R. organization of that city requested to be allowed to furnish a room at the Confederate Soldiers' and so he conducted Mrs. Jobson over the force of the waves was somewhat broken.

"Now, lemme tell you," said Mr. Jobson, clutching Mrs. Jobson tightly by the hand clutching Mrs. Jobson tightly by the care of the confederate soldiers' furnish a room at the Confederate Soldiers' Home. Funds for the furniture of the rooms had been quietly contributed by the members of the post. The request was met in the same spirit in which it was tendered, and there will be an inscription over the door of the room indicating that its comforts were furnished by veterans of the northern army."

#### Most Extravagant of Women. From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Empress Josephine was allowed at the beginning of her reign \$72,000 a year for her tollet, and later this was increased to \$90,000. But there was never a year during the time that she did not far overreach her allowance and oblige the emperor to come to her relief. According to the estimate Mason has made, Josephine spent on an average \$220,000 yearly on her toilet during her reign. It is only by going over her wardrobe article by article and noting the cost and number of each piece that on can realize how a woman could spend this amount. Take the simple item of her hose which were almost always white slik, often richly embroidered or in openwork. She kept 150 or more pairs on hand, and they cost from \$4 to \$8 a pair. She employed two hairdressers—one for every day at \$1,200 a year; the other for great occa-sions, at \$2,000 a year; and she paid them each from \$1,000 to \$2,000 a year for furnishings. It was the same for all the smaller items of her toilet.

## Growth of Canada.

From the Toronto Mail and Express. In 1867, the year of confederation, the population of Canada was 3,371,594. In 1891 the population was 4,833,239. In 1901 the figure is estimated to be 6,000,000. If we have but 5,500,000, as some suppose, our increase will have been 2,100,000 since the union. In 1867 the area of Canada was 499,700 square miles; in 1901 the area is 3,-470,392 square miles, or about 40 per cent of the area of the British empire. The addition of Manitoba and the northwest in 1870 and of British Columbia on July 20, 1871, and of the province of Prince Edward Island on July 1, 1873, brought in the additional three million square miles. In 1867 we had 2.380 miles of railway, which had cost \$150,027,000; in 1901 there are 17.264 miles, which have cost \$998,256,000. In 1867 we exported \$57,567,000 worth of products; in 1900 we exported \$158,896,000 worth.

### A Self-Locating Foghorn. From the Engineering News.

A fog signal which is self-locating was recently tested at Falkner Island by the United States light house board. It consists of a siren driven by a gas engine, and provided with eight megaphones pointing to the points of the compass. Specific signals quainted with me for a sufficient length of provided with eight megaphones pointing to are automatically given through each megaphone. For instance, if there is one long blast the signal is north of the observer, one long and one short blast indicate that the signal is directly east, etc. It has been found that when a vessel is within half a mile of the apparatus the signal pointing toward it can be heard very plainly, while the others are scarcely audible. At distances of from two to ten miles it is impossible to hear any signals except those from the megaphone pointed directly at the observer. A modification of the apparatus has been perfected for use on board ship.

## Where It Was Hot.

"Although the asphalt pavements of Washington are inclined to get mellow and make frantic efforts to turn the heat of the sun back into the air, they are at least safe from eruptions," remarked a Washington gentleman who has been basking in the sunlight of Kansas City during the past heated spell. "The brick pavements of that town have done something unheard of. The continued terrific heat expanded the bricks, and as the curbing would not give, and the pressure became greater, the middle of the street would suddenly spout up bricks like a volcano. This was an acwas the President's first ride in one of these vehicles. I don't recollect that he ever went out of the White House in the state of the was hard active. Bricks were thrown as high as ten these vehicles. I don't recollect that he ever went out of the White House in the with great force. That no one was hurt ever went out of the White House in one is probably due more to good fortune than or came back in one. Why he has never "to the heat that threw the brick."



That's very simple. I steal the whole business."-Le Rire.

JOBSON GOES SWIMMING WHEN FRIENDSHIP CEASED DOWN-NEAR-THE-PLANK-WALK,

July 17, 1901. After breakfast yesterday morning Mr. Johson herded Mrs. Johson into a remote corner of the hotel veranda, lit a cigar and regarded her sternly.

"This, Mrs. Jobson," said Mr. Jobson, "is the day upon which you are going to begin in earnest to learn how to swim." Mrs. Jobson studied for a moment the fat figure, farther up the porch, of the woman who wears all of her diamonds when she

makes her appearance for breakfast and shook her head a bit deprecatingly. "I am afraid," she murmured, "that I can't learn. I've been trying-"

"Yes, you've been trying!" broke in Mr. Jobson, with a sniff. "I've been bringing you down to the seashore for a month or six weeks every year for the past twentytwo years, and you can't much more than keep yourself from drowning in eight inches of water right now. You've never tried a lick. You're afraid of getting your hair wet, or something, and whenever you find yourself in a foot and a half or water you begin to hand me that wounded doe look and to think thinks about a watery grave."
"I haven't the knack," said Mrs. Jobson. folks are just natural swimmers, and others-

"Natural nothing!" interrupted Mr. Jobson. "There may be such a thing as a natural born idiot, but there isn't such a thing as a natural born swimmer. Everybody's born with the same chance at that game. I guess I can about swim as well as the bit, "but I had to learn how. I had to make an effort. You can't learn how to swim if you haven't got any more nerve and backoone than a tadpole. It's all a matter of confidence, swimming is, and—"
"Yes," cut in Mrs. Jobson, "that's wha

they all say, but I'm not so young as I used to be, and it's hard to teach an old—" "That don't go," put in Mr. Jobson, "not a little bit. There are women down here two hundred and eighteen years old, by the looks of 'em, who paddle around out beyond the breaker line like dolphins, and—" "But," interposed Mrs. Jobson, "they all learned how when they were girls." "Did, hey?" inquired Mr. Jobson, sarcasti-

cally. "Well, all of the sea bathing that was done on this country's beaches when they were girls could have been put in a corner of your eye. They simply went in and learned the thing after they'd reached an advanced age, that's all."

About an hour later Mr. and Mrs. Jobson

walked down to the breaking point of the heavy surf together. Mr. Jobson saw at once that the combers were too high for successful floating or swimming lessons, and so he conducted Mrs. Jobson over be-

and leading her into about three feet of water, "that there's no such thing as drowning in salt water if you only keep your head about you. You just can't go down, that's all. All you've got to do is to forget that you've got any such thing as feet, and that it's absolutely necessary, as most women believe when they're in the water, for your feet to be resting on the Now, here, just you lie down and I'll hold you up from underneath, and—"
"But," spluttered Mrs. Jobson, clutching him around the neck, "you won't let go of me, will you?

"Not in a million years," said Mr. Job-"unless I see that you're capable of staving on the surface without my assist-Now, there you are," as Mrs. Jobson, with an expression of extreme terror on her face, and with many sudden clutchings at Mr. Jobson, stretched herself stiffly on the surface of the water while Mr. Jobson held her up, "you're all right, but re-lax-for heaven's sake, relax! You've got yourself all drawn up into a knot, and you increase your weight about a million fold by holding yourself that way as stiff as a poker. Just try to imagine that you're about to take a nap, and--And at this point Mr. Jobson deftly, as he

thought, withdrew his supporting hand and Mrs. Jobson went down like a cobble, and when she reached the surface she screamed and grabbed Mr. Jobson around the neck with a clutch of mortal desperation. Mr. Jobson at length succeeded tion. Mr. Jobson at length succeeded in disentangling her arms from around his neck, stood her on her feet and regarded her with an expression of the profoundes

"Mrs. Jobson," he ungallantly remarked, you remind me of a country cured ham. You won't do. Here, look here; I just want to show you again, for the seventy-millionth time, that it's just as easy for a human being to lie quiet on top of salt water as it is to lie on a feather bed." and Mr. Jobson walked over beneath the pier, where it was shady, stretched himself out on the water, placed his arms beneath his head, gazed absent-mindedly at his toes as they protruded above the brine, and endeavored to look graceful.

"Easy as drawing molasses," Mr. Jobson had just said, when the advance guard of a series of big combers struck him broadside on and slammed him with tremendous force against one of the piles of the He rolled over and over, dazed-for he had struck his head—and Mrs. Jobson shricked, and one of the coast guards hurried into the water and dragged Mr. Jobson, who was all but unconscious, onto the beach, where a knot of bathers gathered round him and grinned. Mr. Jobson came to in about two minutes, looked up at Mrs. Jobson, who was bending anxiously over him, with a fierce scowl, and sat up. Then he got up and walked to the bath house, followed by Mrs. Jobson. He didn't say a word until he met Mrs. Jobson to take her

time to be cognizant of the fact that I am a patient individual. But when you deliberately hire a low-browed assassin to throw an iron wheelbarrow on me from the top of the pier when I'm in swimming as you did this morning, we have reached the parting of the ways. Nothing remains to be said. Pack up! We are returning to Washington in an hour.'

However, Mr. and Mrs. Jobson were seen in one of the grottoes last evening, en-joying their steins of beer and Swiss sandwiches, and the proprietor of the hotel at which they are stopping informs your correspondent that they are going to remain another three weeks.

### The Wildest of Dreams. From the Portland Oregonian.

Sir Robert Ball, in a recent contribution to an American magazine, has shown in a brief and sensible way that signaling to Mars is beyond the power of human resources. The authority of this eminent astronomer affords satisfaction to those of us who suspect certain scientists of pandering to sensationalism and notoriety. It is also very improbable, even if there are intelligent beings on Mars, that they could send a signal to us which we could detect. That there is life on the surface of our neighbor planet Sir Robert does not dispute, nor is he prepared to controvert the theory that the lines, called canals, are the work of an artificial agency. But by several practical illustrations he shows the absolute absurdity of receiving signals with our present instruments of observation, or of creating a disturbance on this planet such as could be seen by the Martians, unless they have telescopes far beyond the power of ours. The atmosphere which densely  $\epsilon$ nvelops the earth is in itself enough to baffie their efforts to study our planet, or to receive a signal from us. Our difficulty in penerating the gaseous vapors of Jupiter and Venus satisfy the best of our astrono-mers on that point. We get a fairly good view of Mars because of the extremely attenuated atmosphere on that body.

### Collecting Papal Coins. From the New York Tribune.

The pope is not allowing the young King of Italy to pick up all the coin collections in the Italian market. Six thousand pieces, containing many rare papal coins, which were collected by Cardinal Randi, have been bought by Pope Leo and added to the fine collection in the Vatican. Many fell into the cardinal's hands in 1862 for their weight in silver, when Pope Plus introduced the French monetary system and the old coins were retired by the papal government.

#### Sales of Stocks. From Public Opinion.

During the first six months of the current calendar year 175,798,433 shares of stock were dealt in on the New York exchange. In the same period last year 65,946,211 shares were sold. Sales of bonds for the first half of the year amounted to \$636,994,-720, against \$290,281,360 for the same time in 1900.

These two young married couples decided to go to housekeeping in houses alongside of each other.

Their names weren't Mr. and Mrs. Jackson and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, but these names will do for the purpose of this strictly veraclous narrative.

They had met ime boarding house. The two women were quick to find a common ground in knocking the boarding house and the landlady thereof. Ditto the two men. So the housekeeping stunt, alongside each other, was arranged.

They were all very enthusiastic about it. The women, who started in to call each other by their first names almost from the beginning, made up lists of the things they'd need. The men made calculations as to how they were going to pay the ini-tial installments on the furniture. And so the two young married couples, the Jacksons and the Johnsons, moved into

their cute little \$22.50-per-month houses

side by side.

It was great for a couple of weeks Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Johnson leaned over the back fence and told each other of the funny breaks they had made in their cooking attempts. Each inspected the cther's plant, as finally arranged, and de-clared it to be just too lovely for anything on this earth or any other earth They called each other "Florrie" and "Ger-tie" from their respective windows when they wanted to ask each other about something. They borrowed four bits from each other to pay the iceman and the bread man and the milk man when these insistent persons came around between pay days-their husbands' pay days. After dinner— they'd help each other washing and wiping the dishes—they'd appear in the back yard of one or the other, in their nice fresh house jackets, with their arms around each other's waists, and talk about how t seemed that they appeared to have

Oh, yes; they were so thick! Jackson and Johnson, likewise, got along bully together. They weren't quite as hasty to pick up each other's first names as the women, but it wasn't long after the beginning of the housekeeping scheme before they were addressing each other as Bill

cnown each other always.

Jackson strung up his old guitar and johnson got a new head for his banjo, and they plunkety-plunked together for hours in each other's abodes every evening. If they happened to meet down town they'd shoot one or two in together, and come home real jolly. Their wives said they never saw two men pull together so beau-tifully. Jackson told Johnson of a scheme he had to cop out a swift promotion at his office, and Johnson told Jackson of what a pinhead the chief of his division was. The four took turns in entertaining each other to beer and Welsh rabbits, and they declared these cute, inexpensive little sessions to be just ideal.

Uh-huh, it was all perfectly grand for

about a fortnight, sure enough.

Then, one evening, when Jackson and Johnson got home, they found their wives a bit constrained. Johnson's wife explained it by saying that she certainly thought Florrie Jackson ought to leave her enough milk to do her cooking with, and that she didn't see why the Jacksons weren't able to buy their own coffee, instead of borrowing it all the time. Jackson's wife explained it by saying that she was more than half afraid that she had been deceived in Gertie Johnson. Far be it from her to do anybody an injustice, she went on, but she was really afraid that Gertie Johnson was stingy and had a deceitful nature. Hadn't she, Florrie Jackson, loaned Gertie Johnson 48 cents only last week to pay for her hus-band's laundry when it was delivered at the door? Why, then, should Gertle John-son act snoopy and put out when she had asked her for just a little mite of milk and coffee, her own milk and coffee having not yet arrived?

"Fergit it," said Johnson to his wife.
"Fergit it," said Jackson to his wife. Jackson and Johnson plink-plunked as usual on their banjo and guitar that evening, but somehow they weren't quite as free with each other as they had been, and the women didn't come together at all that evening, both of them having announced that they had some fourteen letters aplece

And thus it went on.
Unconsciously, Johnson found himself thinking that the Jacksons didn't really the latest the lates that in his opinion she'd be a jay if she permitted Mrs. Jackson to come it over er in any manner whatsoever.

Likewise, Jackson began to reach the conclusion that he'd been more or less taken in with those Johnson folks, and he advised his wife to give back knock for knock if Mrs. Johnson continued to exhibit a disposition to engage in that game.

One evening, when Johnson got home

he found Mrs. Johnson real angry. Mrs. Johnson said that one of the neighbors had told her that Mrs. Jackson was going around saying that Mrs. Johnson spent most of her time gadding around, and that she only got home every afternoon a few minutes before 4—just in time to turn a handspring and throw together a little food for Mr. Johnson's dinner. On the same evening, upon Jackson's arrival home, he found his wife dissolved in

tears. Pressed for an explanation, Mrs. Jackson told Jackson that she had never een so abused in her life as she had been that day by that Johnson woman, who had accused her—"Me! Just think of a creature like that accusing me!"-of talking about her to the neighbors, whereas the only thing that she had said to a single, solitary neighbor was that Mrs. Johnson neglected her husband outrageously, and it was true-boo-hoo-and she would stick to the truth of her statement right down to her last gasp, so she would!

Johnson was sore and announced that
he'd never had any use for those Jackson

trash, and that for two cents he'd knock Jackson's block off. Jackson was red-hot over the "abuse" that had been heaped upon his wife by Mrs. Johnson, and he rolled up his sleeves and glared around feroclously, and said that he had a great mind to prance right over to the Johnsons' and bite Johnson's

arm off close to the shoulder. On the next day the Jacksons moved. And Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Johnson knew each other's business from the days when their dresses reached only to their And Jackson and Johnson were next to

other's little office intrigues. And both outfits had the same, or virtually the same, list of friends. And the knocking of the Jacksons and the knocking of the Johnsons throughout Washington is now something horrific.

"The next time you stack me up against a bunch of tads like those two," growls Johnson to his wife every day, "you'll know it!"

"It was you that dragged me into going to housekeeping alongside those cheap skates!" mutters Jackson to his wife.

## NOT HIS FAULT.

This Man Could Not Help but Be a Train Robber. "How I became a train robber on a midnight train between New York and Washington the other night is one of the most thrilling experiences I have had recently," said a valuable member of Chief Wilkie's staff of secret service men to a Star reporter yesterday.

"I crawled into my berth in Jersey City about 12 o'clock on a hot night, and after I had squirmed out of my clothes and was ready to cramp myself up for sleep I beready to cramp myself up for sleep I became aware that I needed a drink of water very much. I however made no attempt to call the obliging porfer and dozed off still thinking of the drink of water which I did not have. You can imagine the sensation which went through me when, as the train was whizing along, I was brought back to wakefulness by the realization that some one had moken to me. It was a woman's voice, and her words, although spoken in a low tone, seemed to have made a deep impression on my brain. She had said: Here, darling, drink this.'

"At the same time something cool touched my hand. I could not have been fully ed my hand. I could not have been fully awake, for the enly thing that impressed me was that here was my drink. I did not seem to realize where I was or to comprehend who was offering me the water. I simply raised up on my elbow and grasped the proffered draught. As I did so a delicate little hand refeased hold of a silver mug with a suddenness that split the water, and the voice that had commanded me to drink uttered a startled exclamation. I heard a rustle of the curtains of some nearby berl h, and then all was quiet. "What was there for me to do? Nothing. I immediately saw that a mistake had been made, and I again resumed my slumber with the mug as a bedfellow. It was a sliver mug with a gold lining, and had an artistic monogram engraved on its outer surface. The next morning I looked around me after the car had been made once more into a day apartment. In the section ad-

joining mine there sat a very comely lady of youthful appearance with a small, curly headed boy. I felt sure she was the owner of the mug, but how to get it to her I did not know. While I was deliberating the train stopped and the lady arose to leave the car. I hastened to my feet, fished out the mug and started after them. After tipping my hat and begging her pardon is said in my most unconcerned manner: "I

believe you are leaving your drinking cup.
"The lady looked very stern and nearly took me off my feet by replying most positively:
"'You must be mistaken. That cup does not belong to me. After she left the car I hastened to

make a canvass for its owner, but no one claimed it, and as I proceeded the smile that began with my nearest neighbor gradually broadened to the whole car. I had robbed the train and couldn't help myself."

### SWAPPING CUSTOMERS.

One Phase of the Laundry Business

That is Rather Unusual. "Talk about wifeless telegraphy," said a man in a down-town store the other day while waiting for his change, "there is a game going on in this town that beats it hollow. It may be worked in other cities as well, but I have never heard of tt. You are a patron of a certain steam laundry in town and have an arrangement whereby the wagon will call for your bundle of soiled linen once a week. The bag is always ready on Mondays. After two or three weeks of pretty regular service one day the bundle comes home from another laundry. You inquire of your wife or the servant and get little satisfaction. No one has changed the orders. A wagon came and got the stuff and later in the day another wagon came for it, too. There had apparently been a misunderstanding and you are glad to get your goods back. Next week the old laundry wagon comes back. Meanwhile you have been called up on the tele phone and some one representing the laun dry that did your washing by mistake will apologize to you for the blunder and softly suggest that perhaps you would like to continue. You switch off without reaching a bargain. The prices are all the same, you see. Then for a few weeks you get the bundle back, sometimes from one establishment and sometimes from another. Then, perhaps, for an experiment, you switch off to a scrubbing bureau which has not yet broken into the game, just to get things straightened out, and behold! you have not had a single collar worn to shreds by this establishment before the same process is

"If you carry the matter to headquarters yourself you will be told that the laundry you have been patronizing has recently discharged drivers and that these men have been stealing their trade. My experience would seem to suggest that the explanation lies deeper. I have watched the faces of these laundry drivers and have become pretty familiar with them. I have ordered ervice of one place and have had one call from its wagon, and the next week have been waited on by a man whom I have never seen before. You see, I became so interested in the game that I studied it at first hand during one vacation I had to spend in town for financial reasons. The fact I found was that the drivers don't shift places as rapidly as the laundry managers would have you think. I cannot avoid the conclusion that there is a system of buying and selling information in vogue whereby these drivers get a handsome rake-off. I may be doing them an injustice these drivers get a handsome but there is no other way to account for the otherwise mysterious manner in which your laundry bundle will slip from one establishment to the other. What is to pre-vent the driver of one of these wagons from tipping off a rival laundry wheneve he calls on a new customer? Of course the game is worked on all sides, if at all, and it is possible that most of the drivers in town are on the same lay. If so, each laundry is both buying the secrets of others and is losing customers in the same manner. For it is a game for as many players

as can sit around the table. 'It is a matter of comparatively slight importance, except that once in a while a man gets hold of a cleaning joint where his linen will last something like its natural life, and he hates to lose it. There is one branch of the laundry business which has not yet been tainted by these methods of trade rivalry, as far as I have been able to judge. The Chinamen don't try to drum up ing in the slipper and hair-brush line," They take all they ca smile whenever more comes, and when no more is to be had they smile again and take a nap behind the partition and then wake up to mark tickets. There seems to be lots of interesting variety to the life of the laundryman."

# Surgery and Cleanliness.

From the London Chronicle. The address of Lord Lister in opening the new operating theater at St. Thomas' Hospital may be described adequately enough as an exordium on the subject of cleanliness as applied to surgical practice. The same idea underlies all hygienic advance, for the whole faith and practice of the sanitarian is summed up in the advice "Be clean." Lord Lister, as is well known, was the ploneer of the antiseptic system of surgery, which recognizes that suppuration and the non-healing of wounds have been proved to be due to the presence of microbes. By keeping these germ enemies out of wounds, or by rendering it impossible for them to find a suitable soil in wounds—in other words, by exercising rigid cleanliness—surgeons today, following Lord Lister, are enabled to obtain results which are literally marvelous when one compares them with those attained in the past. I can remember clearly Lord Lister's appointment to the chair of clinical surgery in the University of Edinburgh. He suc ceeded his father-in-law, the distinguished Syme, one of the ablest surgeons, if not the most skillful, of his day. The change from the old regime to the new in Edinburgh was startling. The use of carbolic spray, the insuring that every instrument was treated antiseptically and the precautions taken to insure non-infection of wounds inaugurated an entirely new ere

## Study of Soils.

From the Popular Science Monthly. The investigations on agricultural soils which are being conducted in this country are probably unsurpassed in quality and extent by those of any country, unless it be Russia, where a very systematic and extensive line of investigations, including a survey and classification of the soils of the whole country, has been in progress for a number of years. The work in this country has been carried on mainly by a number of the agricultural experiment stations and the division of soils of the National De-partment of Agriculture. The report of the field operations of the division of soils for 1899, by Prof. Milton Whitney and a number of his assistants, lately issued, is a

report of progress in surveying the soils of the United States. During the year areas aggregating about 720,000 acres were studied in the field and mapped.

From Fliegende Blaetter.

### MANNERS HAVE CHANGED WOULD COME IN HANDY The man from the west, who is visiting

his married sister in Washington, wore a puzzled look. "Say," he broke out, "how long has it

The "patent insides" or boiler plate fac

tories which supply sawed and split stereo-

typed plates to provincial newspapers are

now sending out to their customers regular

are left in the plates for the addition of

delighted over the convenience of the

scheme. Some of the plates are as follows:

year-old son of - one of our fore-

most citizens, was drowned in -- while

endeavoring to emulate the example of the

larger boys in swimming stunts. The lad

swam out about a hundred yards from the

shore, and then suddenly threw up his

arms and called for help. As, however, the boy had often done this before, merely in jest, no attention was paid to his cries by

the other boys, who only became alarmed

and they succeeded in picking out of the water all but young Mr. —, whose body had not been found up to the time we go to press. This is the — accident in this

press. This is the — accident in this neighborhood caused by the rocking of a

arrival there yesterday morning of our

jovial fellow townsman, ——, who start-ed on a business trip three days ago

himself a whole lot when he started, and we haven't the slightest fear that any of

the pitfails of — will get him before he decides to come back. Go it, — —, and

"A large number of small boys of this

place were simultaneously attacked with a severe illness yesterday afternoon. Our

two physicians were very busy attending to the young ones. None of the lads was willing to confess what ailed him, but

finally little — —, the twelve-year-old son of — —, our alert constable, owned

up to his mother that he and the rest of the boys had got into an orchard out on the

county road yesterday afternoon, and had all partaken heartily of green apples. The usual remedies brought the lads around all right, but some of them had a harrow squeak. It's not for us, however, to preach.

Been there ourselves."
"We should like to know the name and

number of the little birdle that flew into

name to that of a well-known young man

of \_\_\_\_, the adjoining township, whose horse and buggy have been seen a good

deal on our thoroughfares during the past

dence to everything that the little birdles tell us-but we think that this birdle had

it right, all right, this time. Perhaps some

"A violent wind and electrical storm passed over this village yesterday afternoon, winding up with a severe hall storm.

The stones were in many cases as large as \_\_\_\_\_, and it is said that the \_\_\_\_\_ crop

is totally ruined. During the progress of the storm, little ——, the pretty and petite daughter of ——, one of the most enterprising of our merchants (see his ad. on the

pag >), sustained a slight lightning shock, but she quickly recovered.

large barn was struck by a bolt and com-

pletely demolished."
"The largest — ever grown in this

young tiller of the soil who last year mar.

noticed that quite a number of citizens, however, failed to come and look at the

marvel, perhaps because they felt sheepish over being so far behind in their subscrip-

tions. They shouldn't fet a little thing like that bother 'em. We've got the contract for advertising the ice company's wares, and

ice is about all we need this kind of weather, thanks."

wave on our streets yesterday. This time the sufferer was the popular Miss—the young lady who so successfully managed the party at the church last winter. Miss—was sud-

denly taken faint on street and was carried by kind hands into street and was

carried by kind hands into —'s store.

There she revived sufficiently after a while to be taken to her home in a carriage. It seems that the young lady had been partaking quite heartily during the morning of pickles and cake and ice cream and raspberries and more pickles, and to this

fact she attributes her susceptibility to the heat when she started down town to make

a few purchases. She was resting comfortably last night, under the able ministra-

tions of Dr. \_\_\_\_\_, and will shortly be around again with her winsome smile."

"The Rev. of the church announced to his congregation yes-

church announced to his congregation yesterday at services that he would start on his vacation on \_\_\_\_\_. The rev. gentleman appears to be greatly run down owing to the heavy strain of overwork to which he has been subjected during the past year, and his tour of the Holy Land-for which the congregation is now hustly progress.

the congregation is now busily engaged in raising funds—will unquestionably do him a world of good."

noon caused the \_\_\_\_\_ to rise \_\_\_ inches.
\_\_\_\_\_, our oldest inhabitant, cannot recall when the \_\_\_\_\_ has looked so much like flooding its banks."

Economy in Calendars.

An evening contemporary has been in

forming its readers that they can use the

same calendars every twenty years-when

the dates of the months fall on the same

tury. But here is something even better

careful forefathers, by turning up the cal-

endars—unfortunately they are not printed ones—for the twelfth century, by Solomon Jarchus, will find the days and dates coin-

Jarchus, will find the days any. Such per-cident with the present century. Such per-sons can save the expense of buying for sons can save the expense of buying for

100 years. Again, those with a frugal mind was have preserved the almanacs of the

nineteenth century will avoid an outlay for

than that. Those persons who have the

From the London Chronicle.

"The heavy rain storm of yesterday after

tions of Dr -

"There was another victim of the hot

county was brought in yesterday by -

ried one of our best-beloved belles,

- --- The -

of the girls can guess the names of the

few months. Far be it from us to give

- looked as if he was going to enjoy

- announces the

"A dispatch from -

enjoy yourself!

"At a late hour yesterday afternoon little

-, the bright and promising fifteen-

been back this way since kids were per- blank forms suitable to the season. Spaces mitted to stop being polite to their elders? I'll tell you why I inquire. My sister has the names, and the country newspapers are three young ones, among them a six-yearold boy. He was playing out in front of the house this morning, and she called him. " 'Archibald!' she sang out from the front window.

"The kid looked up at her.

"'What?' said he. " 'Come in; I want you,' said she. "'I wonder,' I said to myself, 'why that young one doesn't say "Ma'm" when his mother addresses him. He must be a bad-

mannered lad, and it's queer that Sis doesn't correct him.' "The boy entered the house.
"'Do you want to go on an errand for mamma if she gives you a cent?' the boy's

when, upon dressing, they found little — missing. The — is being dragged for the missing. The — is being dragged for the body. The boy's parents are prostrated."

"A sad rowing accident happened on the — yesterday evening. — , a well-liked young man employed in the — factory, and — , the go-ahead young — whose push promised to do so much for this village, hired a boat and went rowing in company with Miss — and Miss — who rank mother asked him. "Yes,' he replied.
"You don't feel too warm with that jacket on, do you, Archibald? she asked the kid, solicitously.

"'No,' said he. "I was waiting for Sis to give the cub a belt on the jaw for not saying 'ma'am' to her, like a polite little man, when she spoke to him, and I was amazed that she didn't even notice the kid's lack of man-

lage, hired a boat and went rowing in company with Miss — and Miss —, who rank among the loveliest of our fair daughters. When out in the middle of the — one of the young men—which of the two does not appear—began to rock the frail boat in a spirit of fun, despite the entreaties of the young women. The boat was suddenly capsized, and all four of the merry-makers were thrown into the water. Some young men on the boat house steps saw the accident and made haste to pull for the scene, and they succeeded in picking out of the ners. "Before the shaver started on the errand

his father showed up.
"'Archie,' his father called to him. "'What?" said the kid, just as he had to his mother.

You remember the kind of cigars you got for me around the corner the last time? said the boy's dad.

"Yes,' said the kid.
"Well, stop by there and tell the man to

send me another box of them. And don't loiter by the way.'
"'No,' said the kid. "His father hadn't noticed the boy's lack

of manners any more than his mother had.
"'Say, look a-here, Sis,' said I to my sister when I got her alone that day. 'I'm not trying to butt in with any advice or any-thing like that, but why don't you tear a picket off the fence and drub some manners into that boy of yours?"
"She looked at me in a startled kind of

way, and with quite a heap of reproach in her eyes, at that.
"'Why,' said she, 'what in the world do you mean? Archibald is considered the best-mannered boy in the neighborhood."
"Is, hey?" said I, pressing on. Well, d'ye call it polite for a six-year-old kid to say "What" and "Yes" and "No" to his mother

and father without prefixing any "Ma'am" or "Sir" to his remarks?" "Then my sister looked relieved and smiled.
"'Why, John,' she said to me, 'I thought by the way you spoke that Archibaid had been really impolite. Certainly we do not require him to say "Ma'am" or "Sir" to us or to anybody else. Indeed, we sho punish him if he said any such things. It

is not the thing for children to say
"Ma'am" or "Sir" to their parents, or to
anybody any more. That sort of thing is
now left for servants.'
"'Oh,' said I, but I couldn't help sizing
""Oh,' said I, but I couldn't help sizing
""The said any such thing to say
our office yesterday and gently whispered
in our ear that a certain young and beautiful belle of this village, not the least of
tion on the piano-forte, is soon to link her
name to that of a wall-known yours man my sister up out of the tail of my eye and putting this question to her: "'Sis, just supposing you or I had dropped the "Ma'am" and "Sir" when we were young ones and were addressed by our old mother and dad, what d'ye think

'ud have happened to us, hey?" "That cornered her, but she got out of it by saying that we lived in an old-fashioned section of the country where the folks were way behind the times, and all that. "Maybe Sis was right," concluded the man from the west, "but, at that, I'm bound to say that it sort o' jars on me to hear the kids back this way talking to their parents and other grown-up folks in those familiar terms. I say 'sir' and 'ma'am' to old folks right down to the present day myself, and I'm past forty, with a pretty sizable bald spot on top of my head, and it doesn't hurt me any to say those things. Comes natural, in fact, because I was raised to respect my elders, fashionable or no fashionable. If I wasn't a crabbed old bach, and if I had a gang of young 'uns around, they'd get old-fashioned real quick and say 'sir' and 'ma'am' to the grown-ups, or there'd be something domeant it.

## Mud as & Beautifier.

From the Tacoma Ledger. Mud is the newest skin beautifier, the latest fad for the improvement of the complexion. Just common, everyday, unro-

mantic, dirty mud. The use and application of this remedy is one of the wrinkles which the summer girl will bring back to town with her from the place of her summer sojourn. Not a new thing, by any means, this daubing of the face and throat with dampened earth, but new to a great many people, and especially new to the city districts. In the country, far from towns and drug stores, its use has been general and effective for many years, but just as and effective for many years, but just as soon as the city commences to creep out and to encroach upon the rurality of a place, nature's remedies are given the goby, and the people fly to drugs and "store medicines" for the aid which the world around them has been wont to supply.

And so it is with mud. In the early days of the western states, when doctors and complexion beautifiers were alike unknown, mud was highly valued by the women of the country. The feminine sex delights in fair skins and white hands, even if there is no one in all the township to see them, and the early settlers borrowed the mud idea from the Indians, who valued it for

its medicinal effect.
The mud treatment costs nothing, and is far more helpful than a series of Turkish baths. The principle is precisely that of the facial masks, both of ancient Roman times and of the present day, and the mud-washing maiden will be as fair as a lily all

### Something Any One May Discuss. From the Chicago Post.

"I regret to inform you," said the man who was called on for a speech, "that I have neglected to make any preparation for this occasion. If any one in the audience will suggest a subject upon which a man is privileged to talk when he doesn't know days of the week-thereby avoiding the exanything about it I will be glad to make a pense of five almanacs for the present cenfew remarks.'

Of course he thought he had excused himself very cleverly, but something over double advantage of ancient family and half the audience responded almost as one careful forefathers by turning up the cal-"Talk about the army canteen," they

## Quite a Number.

From Life. "Willie, whom did George Washingto marry?"

"The Widow Custis, ma'am." "Had he any children?"
"Yes'm—the sons and daughters of the

calendars of the century commencing January 1, 2201, as the dates for the hundred years following will be coincident with those of the last century. But life is scarcely long enough for such econ

A RESOURCEFUL MUSICIAN.





